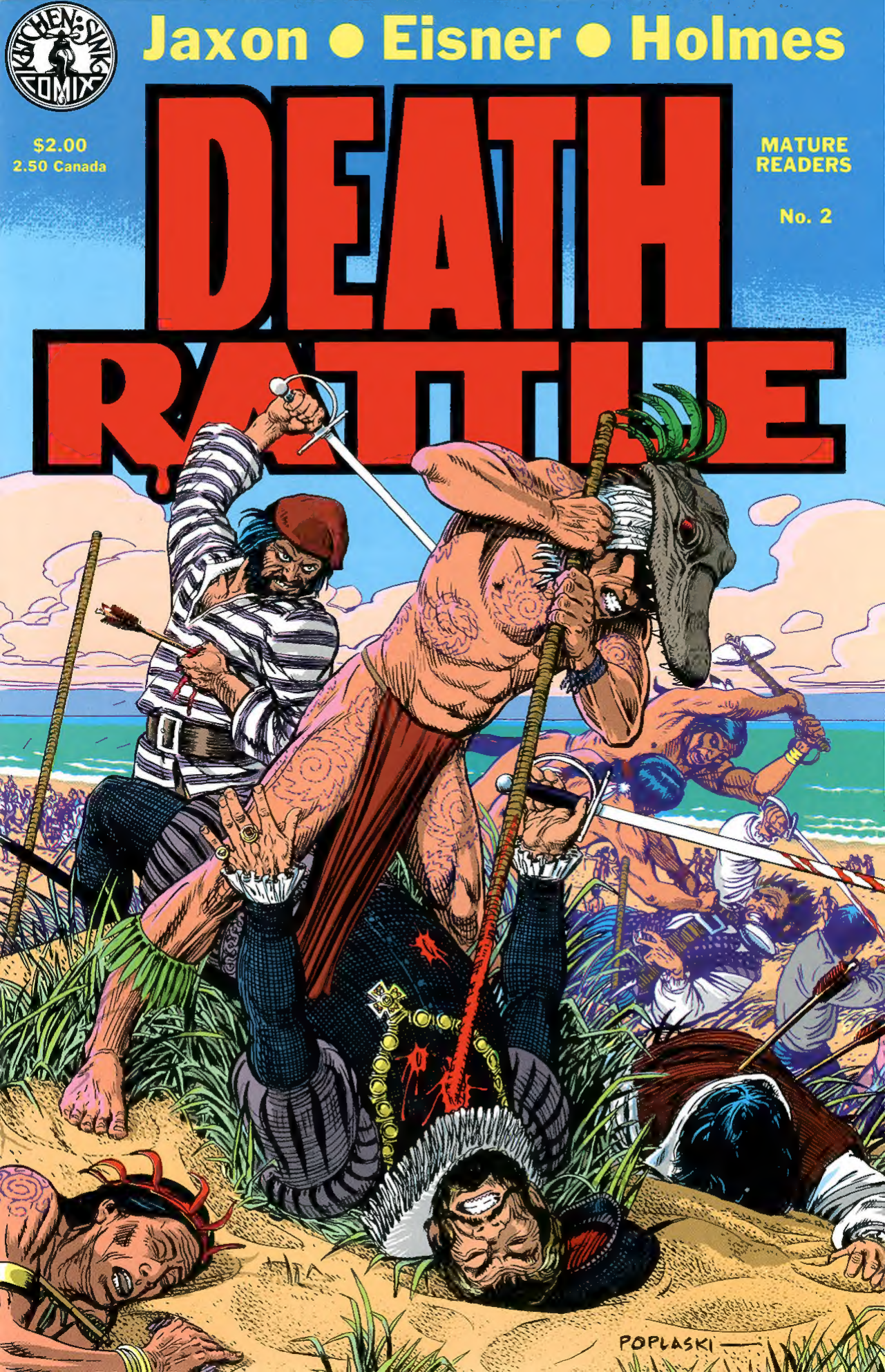
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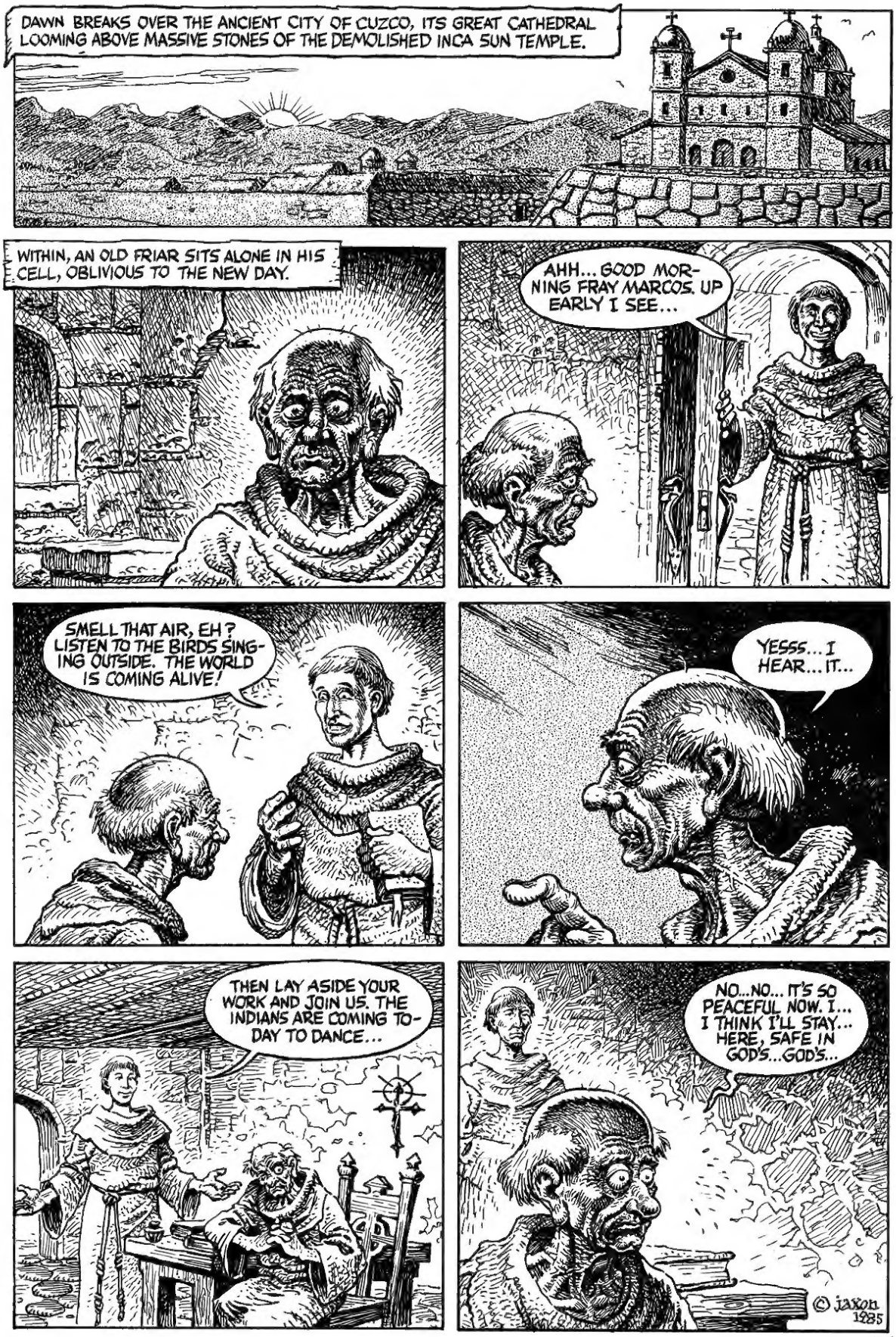

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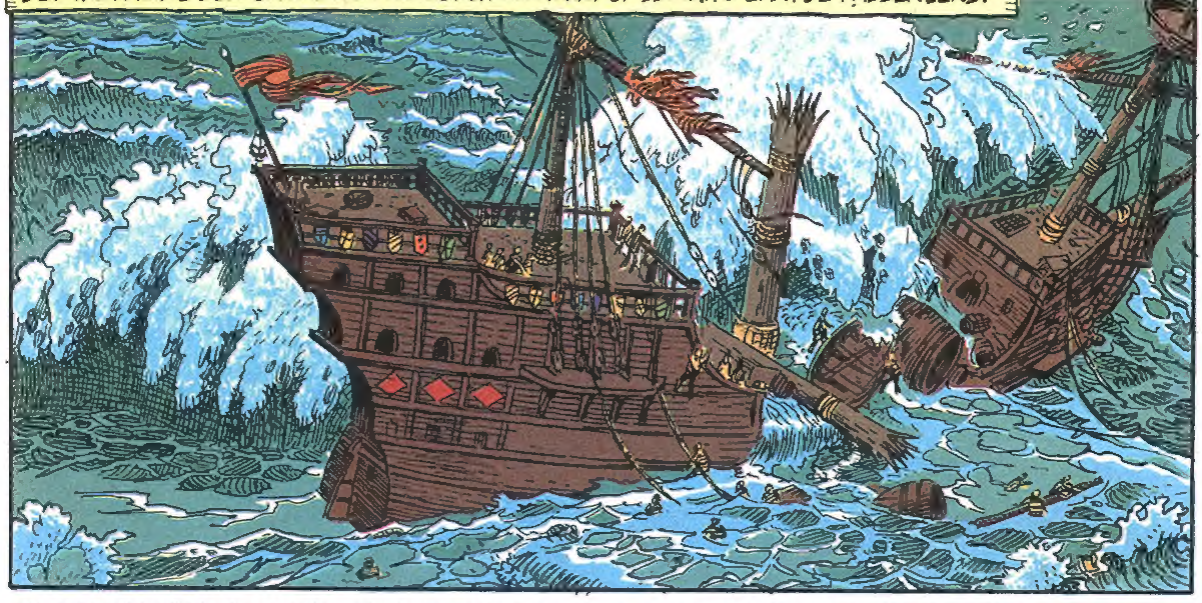
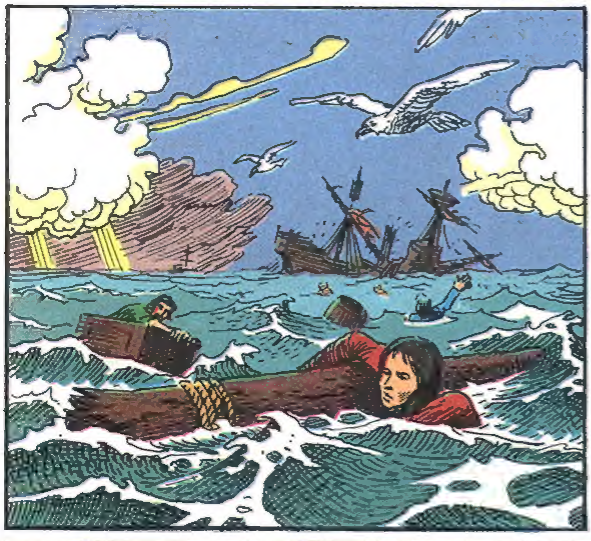
God's Bosom

MEMORIES CLAIM FRAY MARCOS AND TAKE HIM BACK, AS THEY ALWAYS DO, TO THE YEAR 1554. THE ANNUAL TREASURE FLOTA FINDS ITSELF LASHED BY GALE WINDS, CAST BACK UPON THE BLEAK TEXAS SHORELINE – STILL TERRA INCOGNITA TO HAPLESS SPANISH MARINERS.

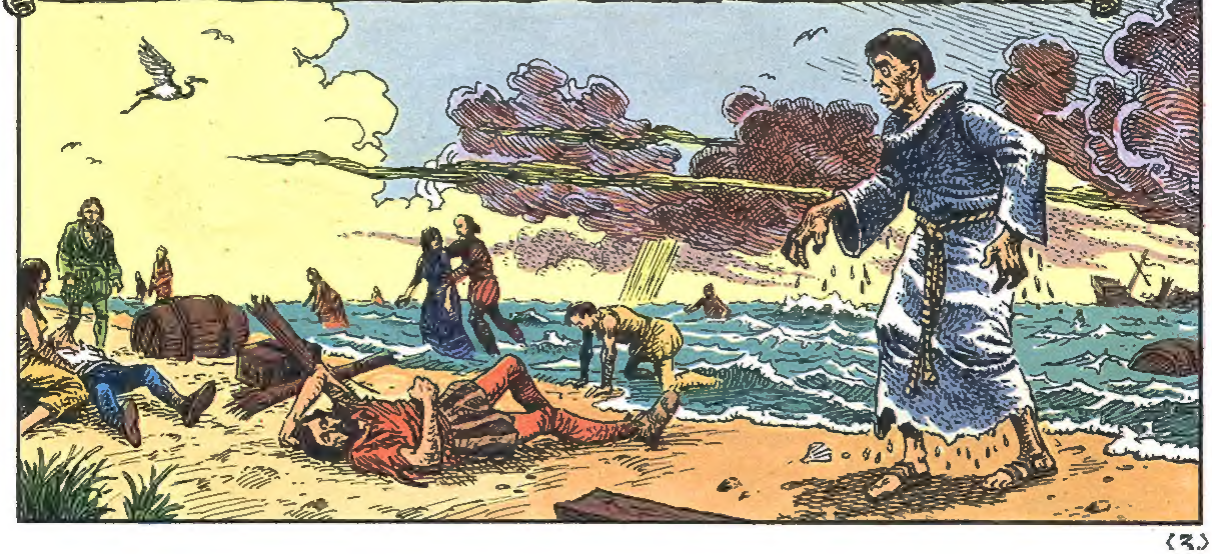
BUT THE RAGING SEA OFFERS NO PROTECTION FOR MANY OF ESPÍRITU SANTO'S PASSENGERS.



UNLESS ONE CONSIDERS THE WATERY DEPTHS A SHELTER... AND THE COLD FINGERS OF DEATH A WELCOME EMBRACE.

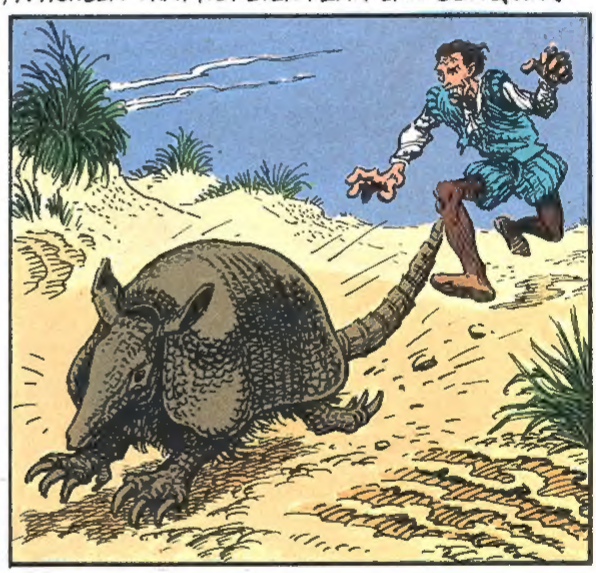


LESS THAN A THIRD OF THE DAZED, DISHEVELED VOYAGERS SURVIVE TO REACH SHORE. AMONG THEM IS FRAY MARCOS DE MENA, A YOUNG DOMINICAN FRIAR BOUND FOR THE EASY LIFE BACK IN SPAIN.



IGNORING BOXES AND CASKS OF PROVISIONS THAT WASH ASHORE THEY SET OUT DOWN THE COASTLINE EMPTY HANDED, BELIEVING TAMPICO TO BE ONLY THREE DAYS JOURNEY.

AFTER WALKING SIX DAYS HUNGER GNAWS AT THEIR VITALS, A HUNGER THAT NOT EVEN FEAR CAN CONQUER.



SUCH AS FEAR OF THE SAVAGE **KARANKAWAS!**

ABANDONING HIS PRIZE, PEDRO MENDEZ FLEES.

THE NEWS SPREADS CONSTERNATION.

A FEW, LIKE FRAY MARCOS, HAVE READ CABEZA DE VACA'S RECENT BOOK OF HIS WANDERINGS AND MANY TRIBULATIONS IN THIS DESOLATE LAND.

MERCIFULLY, THESE CASTAWAYS ARE IGNORANT OF A GRIM CUSTOM THE KARANKAWAS HAVE ADOPTED SINCE THEIR MEETING WITH DE VACA'S DESTITUTE PARTY — CANNIBALISM!

NONETHELESS, WITH MIXED EMOTIONS THEY AWAIT THE COMING OF THE PAGANS.

DESPITE THEIR FORMIDABLE APPEARANCE THE INDIANS SEEM TO BE FRIENDLY. THEY BRING VENISON, FISH AND THE FIRE TO COOK IT WITH.

FOOD!

FOOD!

WHILE THE VICTUALS ARE ROASTING, THE GUILEFUL CANNIBALS CONTINUE PROTESTATIONS OF FRIENDSHIP, URGING THE SPANISH TO RELAX AND EAT.

AS THE AROMA OF COOKING MEAT TANTALIZES THE FAMISHED THRONG, ONLY THE FLEET'S CAPTAIN GENERAL CAUTIONS VIGILANCE.

THEY BRING TOO MUCH FOOD TO BE ENEMIES, BUT TOO MANY WEAPONS TO BE FRIENDS...

BE READY!

BUT HIS ADMONITIONS ARE SOON FORGOTTEN WHEN THE FEASTING BEGINS.

...WHICH IS WHAT THE INDIANS HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!

AIIEEEEEE!

ARMED WITH NOTHING BUT A FEW SWORDS AND TWO CROSSBOWS, THE SPANIARDS REPEL THEIR ATTACK...

... AND FLEE DOWN THE BEACH, EMPTY STOMACHS STILL GROWLING.

FIRE ON THEIR HEADS, BURNING SAND BELOW. THE HASTY RETREAT TURNS INTO A ROUT.

THIRST BEGINS TO TAKE ITS TOLL. SCRAGGLERS ARE EASY PREY FOR THE KARANKAWAS, ALWAYS CLOSE BEHIND.

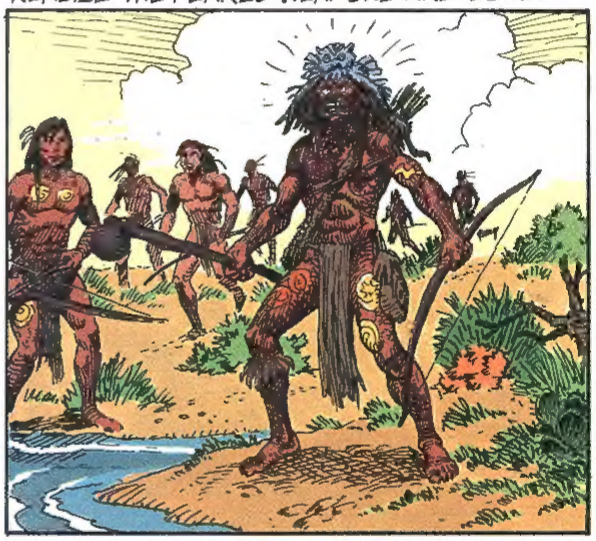
FINALLY COMING TO THE RIO BRAVO, THE SPANISH CROSS IN IMPROVISED RAFTS. ONLY WELL-PLACED BOLTS FROM THE CROSSBOWS KEEP THEIR PURSUERS AT BAY.

BELTS, ROPES, RAGS - WE NEED MORE LASHING!

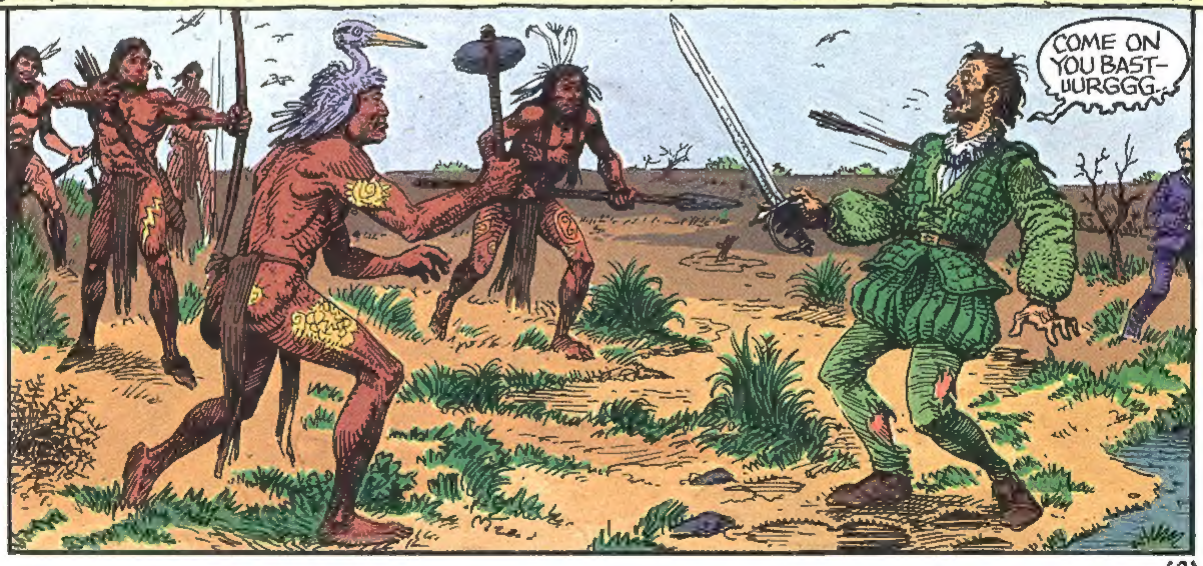
ON THIS CROSSING A TRAGIC MISTAKE OCCURS. FRAY MENA, THINKING TO LIGHTEN HIS OVERLOADED RAFT, TOSSES A BUNDLE OVERBOARD. IT CONTAINS THE PRECIOUS CROSSBOWS.

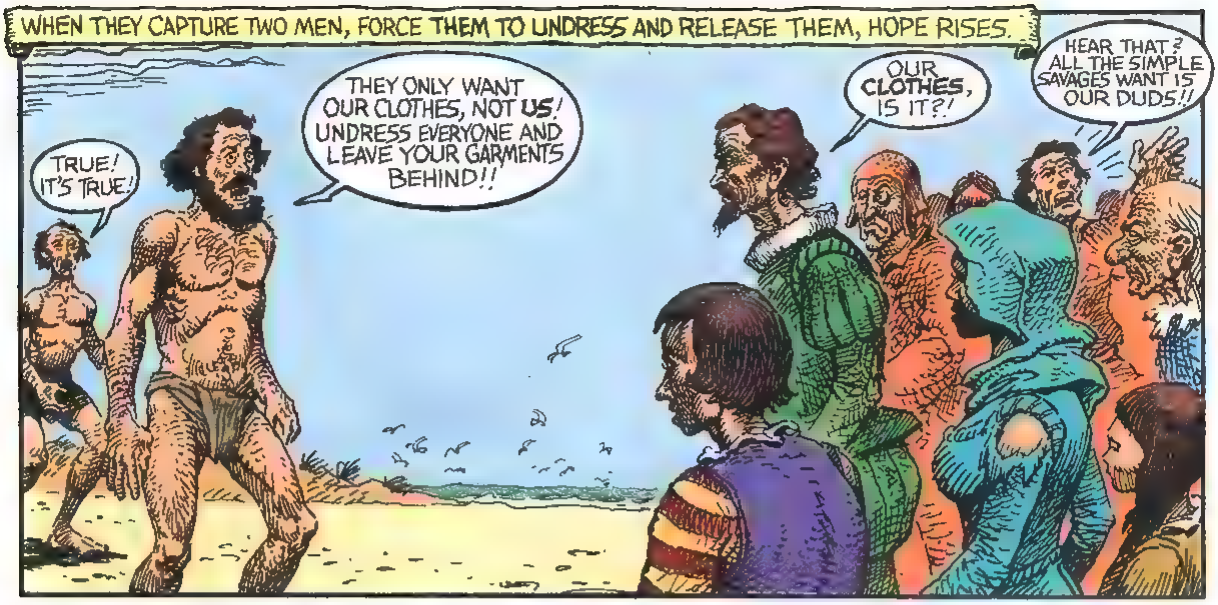
WITH IT, THEIR HOPES SINK TO THE RIVER'S BOTTOM.

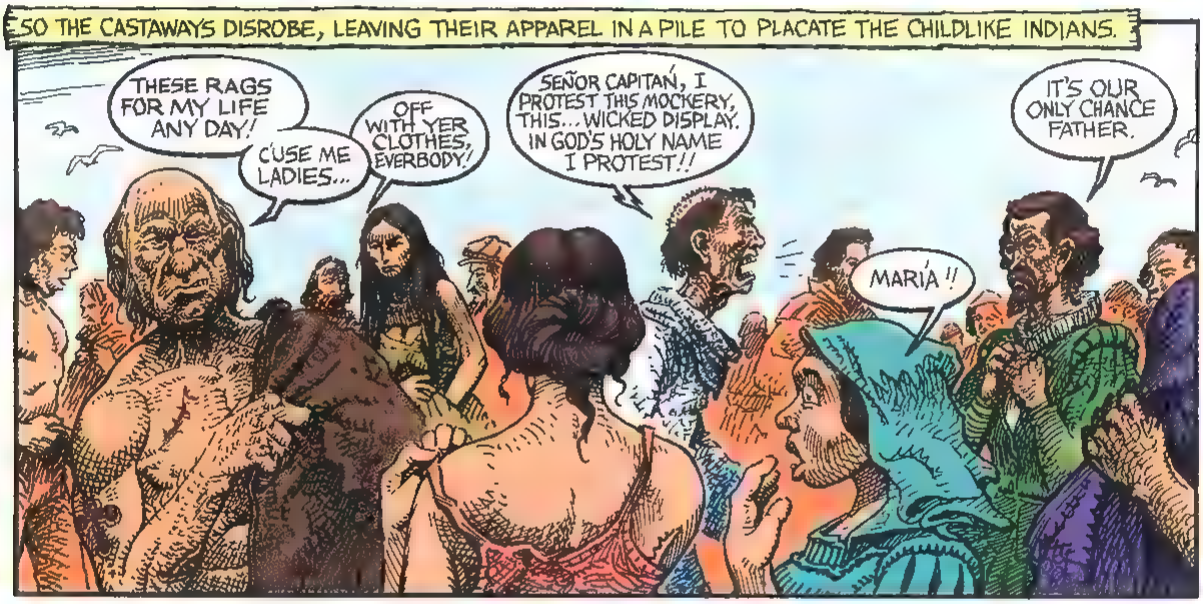
THE INDIANS FOLLOW, MORE DARING NOW AS THEY REALIZE THE FEARED WEAPONS ARE GONE.

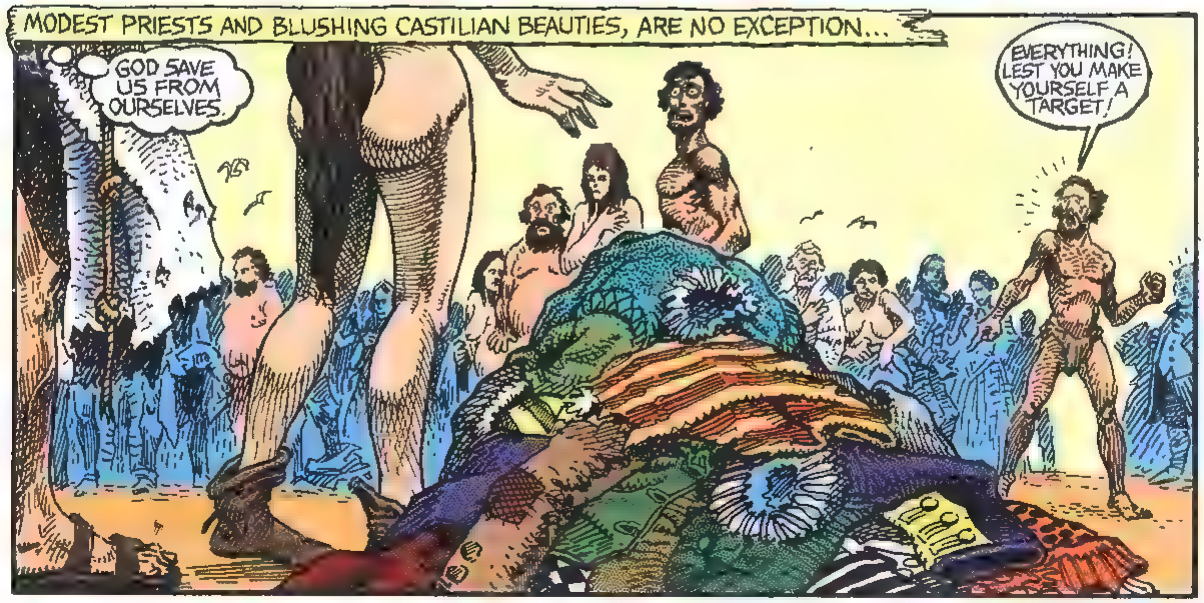


FASTER AND FASTER RUN THE REFUGEES BUT IT IS NEVER ENOUGH TO ESCAPE THE KARANKAWAS' LONGBOWS.




WHEN THEY CAPTURE TWO MEN, FORCE THEM TO UNDRESS AND RELEASE THEM, HOPE RISES.
TRUE! IT'S TRUE!
THEY ONLY WANT OUR CLOTHES, NOT US! UNDRESS EVERYONE AND LEAVE YOUR GARMENTS BEHIND!!
OUR CLOTHES, IS IT?!
HEAR THAT? ALL THE SIMPLE SAVAGES WANT IS OUR DUDS!!

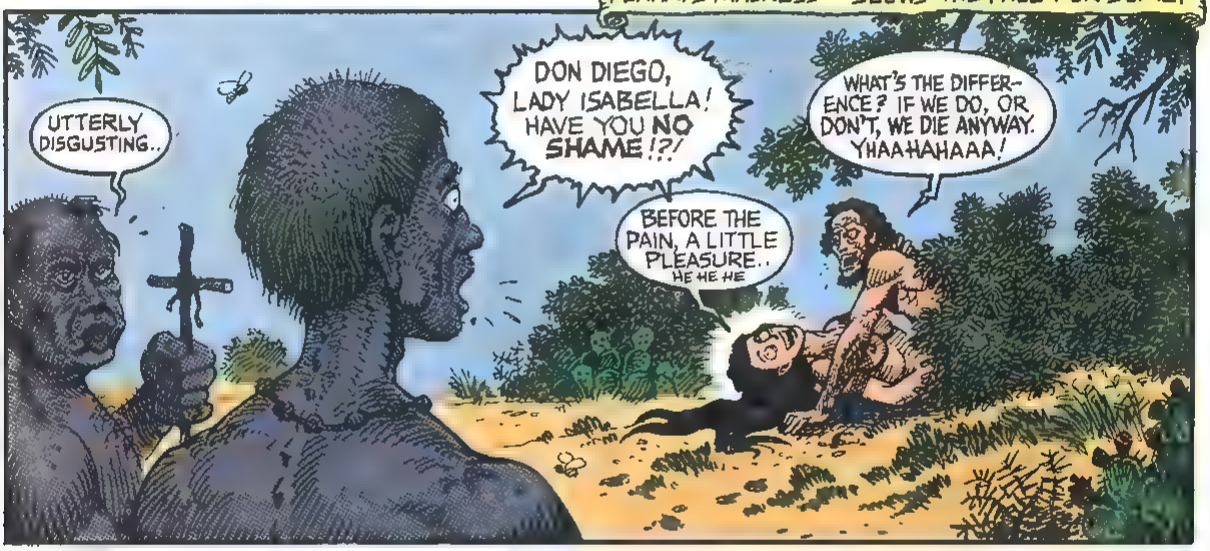

SO THE CASTAWAYS DISROBE, LEAVING THEIR APPAREL IN A PILE TO PLACATE THE CHILDLIKE INDIANS.
THESE RAGS FOR MY LIFE ANY DAY!
'CUSE ME LADIES...
OFF WITH YER CLOTHES, EVERBODY!
SEÑOR CAPITÁN, I PROTEST THIS MOCKERY, THIS...WICKED DISPLAY. IN GOD'S HOLY NAME I PROTEST!!
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE FATHER.
MARÍA!!


MODEST PRIESTS AND BLUSHING CASTILIAN BEAUTIES, ARE NO EXCEPTION...
GOD SAVE US FROM OURSELVES.
EVERYTHING! LEST YOU MAKE YOURSELF A TARGET!

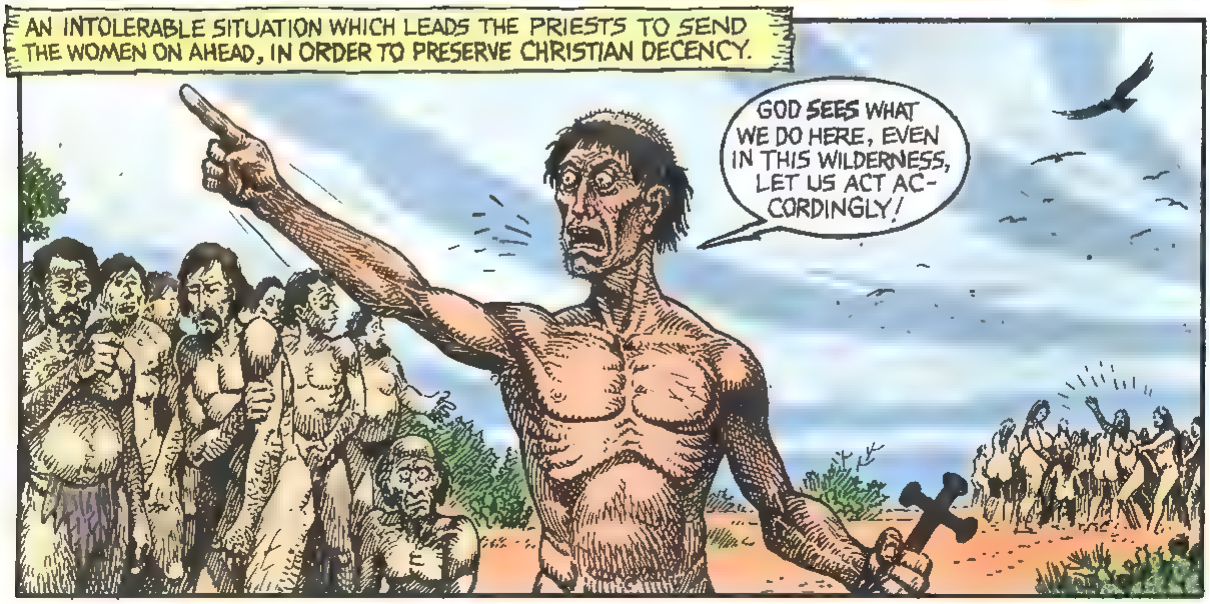
A FEW, TOO PROUD TO ENDURE THE EMBARRASSMENT, ARE QUICKLY DISPATCHED BY THE SAVAGES WHO WAVE ALOFT THEIR BLOODY TROPHIES TO THE NAKED GROUP.

THE MISERABLE TREK CONTINUES, NOW EXPOSED TO AN INCREASINGLY HOSTILE TERRAIN.

EVEN SO, LUST BORN OF UNVEILED DELIGHTS — OR PERHAPS MADNESS — SLOWS THE PACE FOR SOME.



AN INTOLERABLE SITUATION WHICH LEADS THE PRIESTS TO SEND THE WOMEN ON AHEAD, IN ORDER TO PRESERVE CHRISTIAN DECENCY.



IT SOON BECOMES APPARENT THAT THEIR RELENTLESS ENEMIES HAVE NOT GIVEN UP PURSUIT...

AND INDUCING THE SPANIARDS TO CAST OFF THEIR GARMENTS WAS ONLY A GUISE TO HUMILIATE THEM.

AS THE WOMEN REACH THE RIO de las PALMAS, PLACING THEM IN FRONT PROVES AN ILL-FOUNDED MEASURE.

FOR THERE OTHER INDIANS WAIT IN AMBUSH, AND THEY TAKE A TOLL ON MORE THAN CASTILIAN MODESTY.

WHEN THE MEN CATCH UP, NOT ONE OF THE GENTLER SEX OR ANY OF THE CHILDREN REMAIN ALIVE.

NOOOO..

JOSEFA! PABLITO..?? OH GOD!

LOOK WELL, PRIEST! THIS WAS OF YOUR MAKING!!

EXCEPT A FEW – PERHAPS BETTER OFF DEAD – DRAGGED TO THE MONTE FOR FIENDISH REASONS.

AMIDST THIS SAD SCENE, THE MASSACRE IS RENEWED.

UNTIL ONLY A HANDFUL ARE LEFT, ALL GRIEVIOUSLY WOUNDED. THEY CROSS THE RIVER AND SCATTER INTO THE BRUSH, EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

RAMON! WE GO NOW OR WE ALL DIE!

STRUGGLING PITEOUSLY ONWARD, THEIR OPEN WOUNDS FESTER AND BECOME FLY BLOWN.

I.. I.. THINK THEY'VE GIVEN UP THE CHASE.

DON'T COUNT ON IT FATHER.

A NEGRESS, WHO HAD SOMEHOW ELUDED THE SAVAGES, CREEPS FROM HIDING TO NURSE HER FORMER MASTERS.

BE STRONG PADRE... IT'S COMING.

BLESS YOU MY CHILD — GROAN...

BUT OUT FORAGING ONE MORNING, SHE IS DISCOVERED.

DEAR GOD, IS THERE NO END TO IT?

WITHOUT HER HELP, FRAY MARCOS CANNOT CONTINUE. HE IS BURIED BY HIS COMPANIONS, BUT IN SUCH A WAY SO HE CAN BREATHE UNTIL DEATH COMES.

HE'S STILL ALIVE, JUST BARELY...

OOOH...

COVER HIS HEAD WITH WEEDS...

AND LET'S GO!

HE FALLS INTO AN EXHAUSTED SLEEP, SO DEEP THAT HE DOES NOT HEAR STEALTHY FEET PASS HIM BY.

WAKING, RESTORED BY THE SAND'S WARMTH, THE PRIEST CLAWS OUT OF HIS SHALLOW GRAVE AND STAGGERS ON.

SOON HE COMES UPON THE GHASTLY REMAINS OF THOSE WHO HAD LEFT HIM, THINKING TO ESCAPE THEIR MERCILESS TORMENTORS.

CHOKE...

IN HIS DELIRIUM EVERY BUSH BECOMES A CLUMP OF INDIANS BRISTLING WITH ARROWS TO INFLICT MORE PAIN

CAN'T... LET... THEM... GET ME...

WHEN HE TRIES TO SLEEP, SAND CRABS COVER HIM, EATING THE MAGGOTS OUT OF HIS TORTURED FLESH.

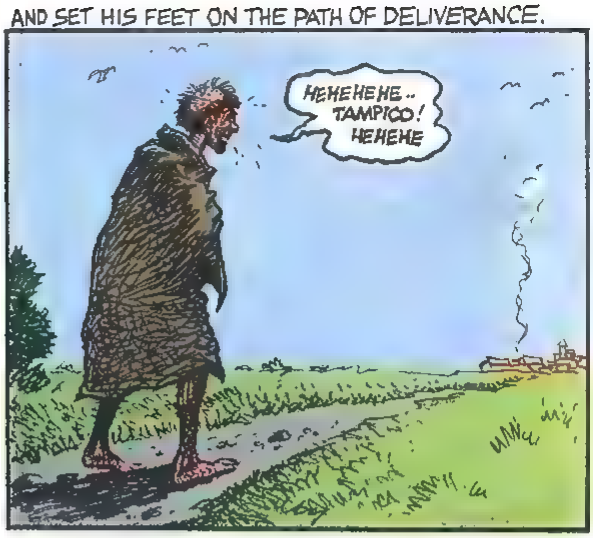
YAAHH!!

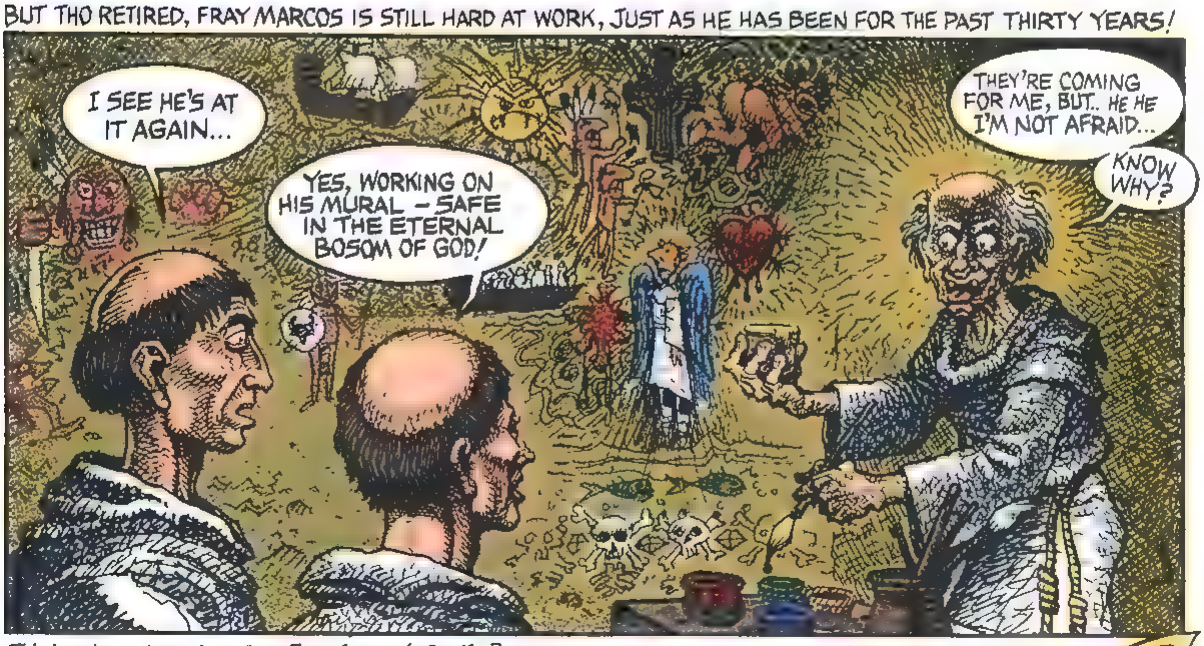
FEVERISH FROM THIRST, AT LAST THE WEARY CLERIC REACHES A LARGE STREAM BUT ITS WATERS ARE TOO SALTY TO DRINK. IT IS THE LAST STRAW...

GAG!

SEEING INDIANS APPROACHING IN A CANOE, HE WELCOMES THE DEATH THAT THEY MOST CERTAINLY BRING.

INTROIBO AD ALTAIRE DEI...





This is a true story, based on Fray Augustín Davila Padilla's account, published in 1560. Of the 300 shipwreck victims only Fray Marcos de Mena and one other Spaniard (who returned to the wreck site) survived.

END

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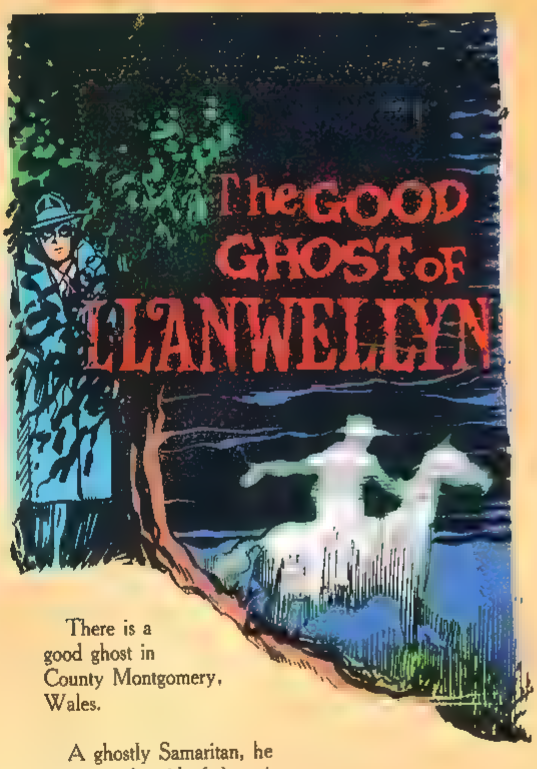
A COFFIN FOR OF OCCULT STORIES

BY Will EISNER

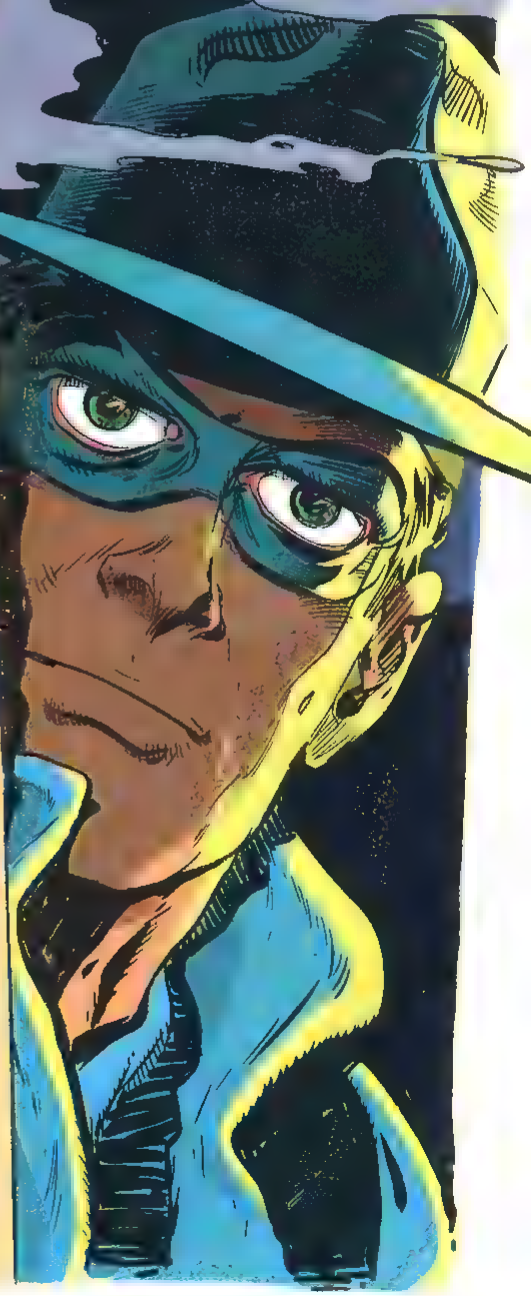
The SPIRIT'S CASEBOOK



There is a good ghost in County Montgomery, Wales.

A ghostly Samaritan, he comes to the aid of those in danger and disappears as he came, silently and without a trace.

This case was documented in the *Essayist*, a Welsh quarterly published in 1853.



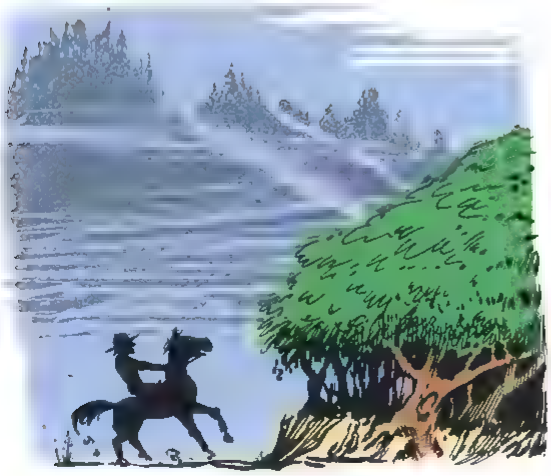
About 2 p.m. one bleak afternoon in 1800, a clergyman named John Jones set out on horseback. By nightfall he reached Llanwellyn Village where he paused at the village inn for a bit of food.

As he dismounted he noticed a man lounging in the shadows clutching a bundle of straw. The clergyman paid him little heed except to make a mental note that he would avoid the man.

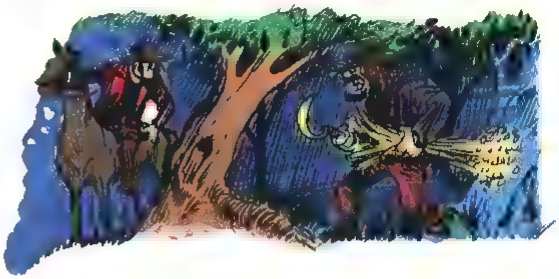
Accordingly, he quickly put the valuable silver watch back into his vest pocket so as to put temptation away from the lounger.

Soon, Reverend Jones was again on his journey and as he cantered over the winding road, he forgot the incident.

Later as he was descending the slopes that led to the valley of his destination something made him rein in his mount.



There ahead of him, in the gloom, was the loiterer from the inn. . .



Quickly the man drew a scythe out of the straw bundle that he carried and started toward him.

Reverend Jones was transfixed with terror. He felt frozen to the spot.

His horse was motionless . . . unmoving.

Jones was helpless and unarmed.

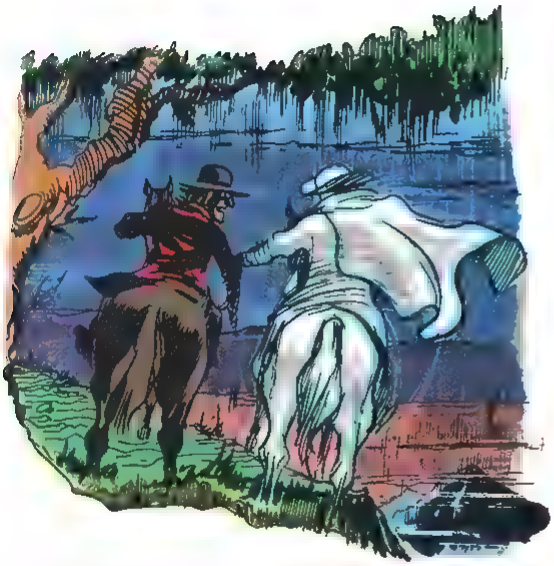
Suddenly . . .

His horse moved forward, without any command, and galloped past the scythe-wielding ruffian.

WHY?

Certainly the clergyman, paralyzed by fear, neither spurred nor directed his steed.

Then he saw it. . .



Riding alongside on a white mount was the good ghost of Llanwhellyn, guiding his horse to safety.

A moment later Reverend Jones recovered his composure. He turned to thank the good Samaritan.

But, there was no one there.

the VISITOR at LAWFORD'S GATE

Poltergeists are ghostly visitors who make their presence known by physical means, such as noises, moving objects, injuries to humans, or destruction property

Such a "visitor" appeared at the home of the Richard Giles family in Lawford's Gate, England in the Autumn of 1761

One cold November morning — it was Friday the 13th, to be exact — Molly and Dobby Giles were awakened by a violent scratching at their window. Neither Molly, a bright 13-year-old, nor Dobby, who had just turned 8, saw anything that could have caused it.

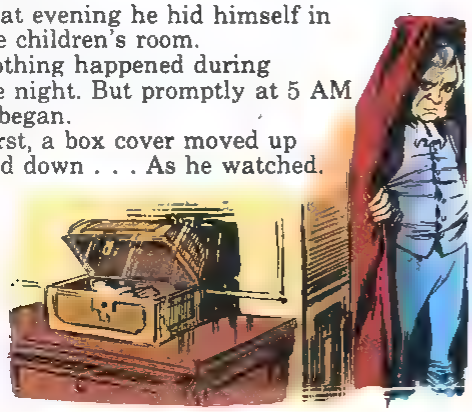
A few minutes later, the scratching

resumed right above them on the headboard. Terrified, they scampered downstairs to report the incident to their parents. Mr. Giles dismissed it. Possibly pigeons had made the noise.

But the disturbance persisted.

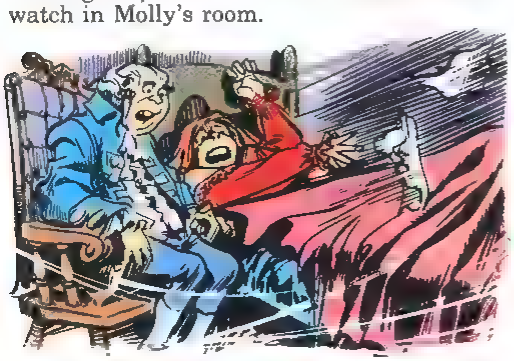
By December, the matter could not be ignored any longer. The loud scratching and noises increased in frequency. By Sunday, the 6th day of that month, Mr. Giles had exhausted all natural explanations — with the exception of the possibility of a servant's prank.

That evening he hid himself in the children's room.
Nothing happened during the night. But promptly at 5 AM it began.
First, a box cover moved up and down . . . As he watched.



fascinated by the phenomenon, the box rose from the table and fell to the ground as though flung by an angry hand.

On the following night Sir John Durbin, an investigator, was called in to take over the watch in Molly's room.

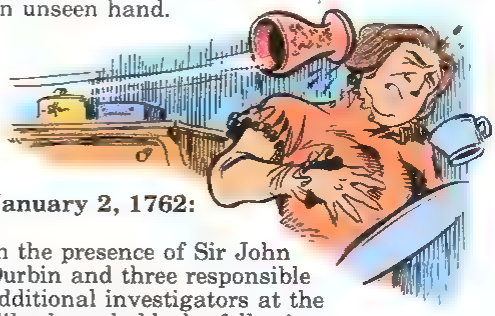


Suddenly the child cried out. . . Something or someone was pinching her legs, and the bedclothes were wrenched to the floor.

A HAND I SEE A HAND

"A hand!" Molly shrieked. "I see a hand!"
Durbin handed a hanger, to Molly. "Strike it with this," he urged. The hanger was instantly snatched from Molly's hand and flung to the floor before the astonished watcher.

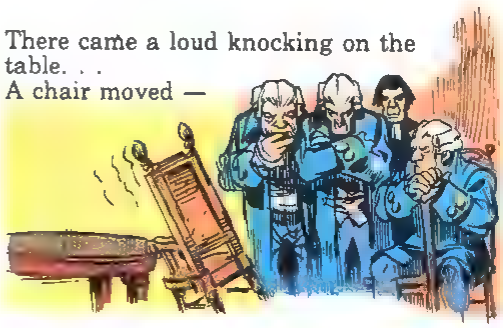
The next morning, the family maid was struck by a heavy wine glass, which rose from the sideboard and flew at her . . . thrown by an unseen hand.



January 2, 1762:

In the presence of Sir John Durbin and three responsible additional investigators at the Giles household, the following events occurred:

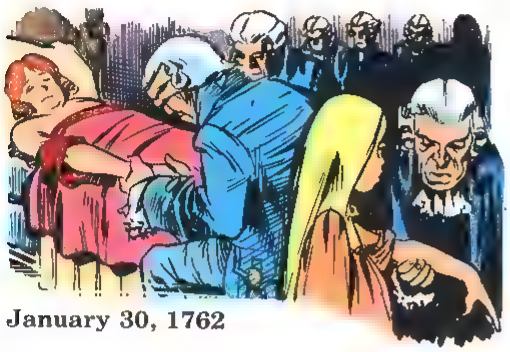
There came a loud knocking on the table. . .
A chair moved —



. . . then Molly was seized by the throat.
In the bright sunlight streaming through the window, everyone in the room could see the dents on the girl's throat being pressed by invisible fingers. Only when her father cradled the child in his bosom did this grip cease.

January 6, 1762

This time, in front of seven august and respected observers, both children were bitten on the arms by the invisible visitor. They were bitten about twenty times — teeth marks showed about eighteen places — and the wounds bore evidence of saliva.



January 30, 1762

Molly was again **attacked,** this time with her body covered with pins imbedded in her skin.

February 9, 1762

Molly was found on the floor of her bedroom slashed in 40 places on her arms, neck and face.

February 15, 1762

Durbin conducted an experiment under the observation of his special 2-man investigative committee:

A marked pin was inserted into a pin cushion which was then tucked under Molly's dress; within a few minutes she cried out in pain. The pin had become imbedded in her neck and in addition had been oddly bent by an unseen hand.

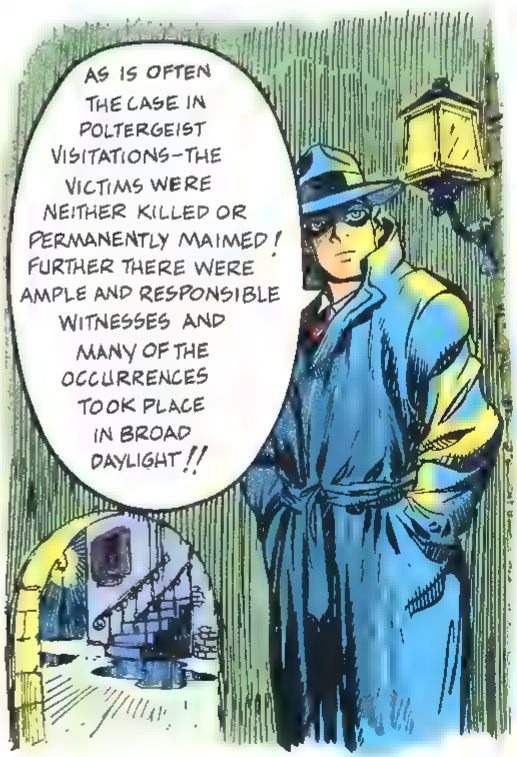
Four times this closely watched test was produced, always with the same result.

Then Durbin suggested that another observer, a sturdy Major, be set to stand the watch over the children.

February 19, 1762

Molly and Dobby were pulled from the arms of their hired guard and dashed to the floor. Their bodyguard was powerless to resist the energy of the supernatural being at work.

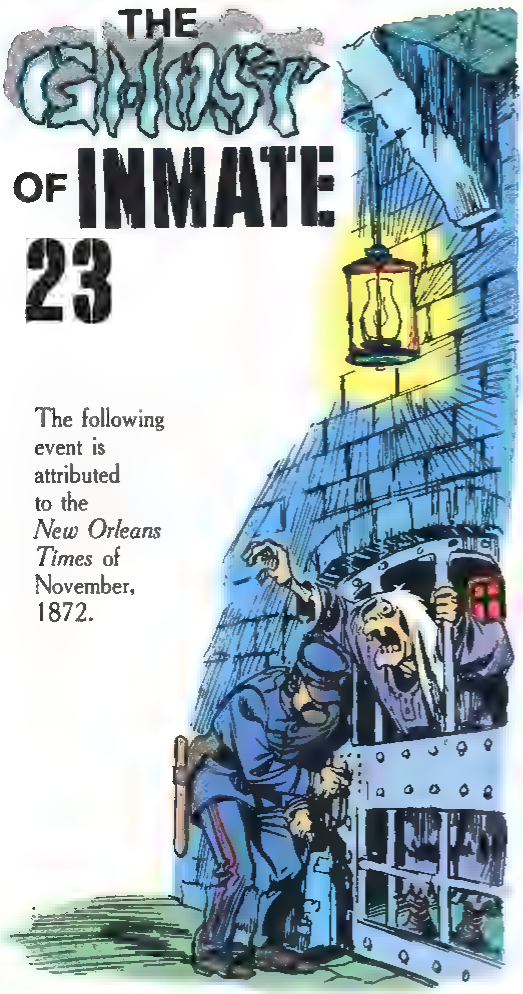
The officer carefully searched the room. But found nothing that could, even remotely, be connected with these attacks.



These events, thoroughly investigated and carefully observed, were published in a book by Sir John Durbin printed in 1800 in Bristol, England, under the title, *A Narrative of Some Extraordinary Things That Happened to Mr Richard Giles's Children.*"

THE GHOST OF INMATE 23

The following event is attributed to the *New Orleans Times* of November, 1872.



The Fourth Precinct Police Station in New Orleans had one cell which, over the years, served to confine a succession of 22 prisoners.

Then one evening the patrols brought in "Crazy Mary," Murphy, a vagrant. She was the 23rd inmate to be confined in that cell.

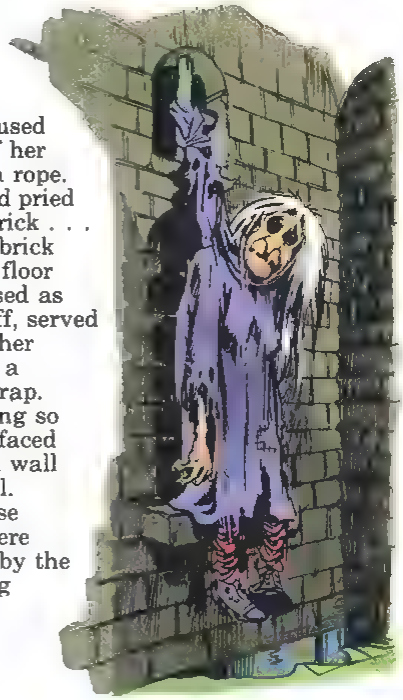
The following morning Inmate 23 was found hanged by the neck from the window bar of her cell.

She had used a strip of her skirt as a rope.

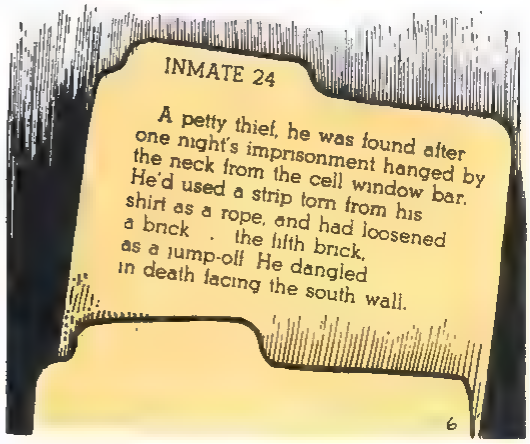
She had pried loose a brick . . . the fifth brick from the floor which, used as a jump-off, served to break her neck like a gallows trap.

She hung so that she faced the south wall of the cell.

All these details were recorded by the inspecting officers.



The cell was tidied and the loose brick replaced, it was ready for service again.



INMATE 25:

He was a horse thief. All foregoing circumstances prevailed. When he was discovered dead after one night in the cell, there were the shirt strip rope, the fifth brick used as a platform, and the body facing the south wall.

INMATE 26

This was an arson suspect. Every one of the details was the same. Death occurred the night of his incarceration.

INMATE 27

A street brawler experienced the identical events. Length of stay was over-night; discovered dead!

INMATE 28

A pickpocket had the same thing happen to him, without variation: after one night he was found dead in the same position.

INMATE 29:

A drunkard was incarcerated over-night — shortly after midnight he was found as his predecessors but was cut down— not quite dead. He was hopelessly incoherent and was remanded to an asylum.

INMATE 30:

This was a woman accused of trying to poison her husband. After one night she was found dead under the same circumstances.

INMATE 31:

A drunkard. He underwent the same in every detail: overnight — dead!

INMATE 32:

A burglar, he was found under the same conditions — death, over night!

INMATE 33:

A woman shoplifter after one night in the cell was found not quite dead — the heel of her shoe had caught on the fifth brick from the floor. She was released, hysterical, in the custody of her parish priest.

INMATE 34:

This drunkard died after one night in identical circumstances.

INMATE 35:

A gambler accused of cheating suffered the same fate in exactly the same way — very dead.

INMATE 36

This pickpocket, cut down by guards while still alive, was screaming about someone in his cell during the night. He was released after fruitless questioning.

INMATE 37

A street woman was charged with robbing her customers. Hearing her screams at dawn, her warders cut her down. — Every detail down to the fifth brick was the same. Her description of a nocturnal visitor who urged her to hang herself fitted that of "Crazy Mary," the 23rd inmate.

INMATE 38:

This time the police set a trap.

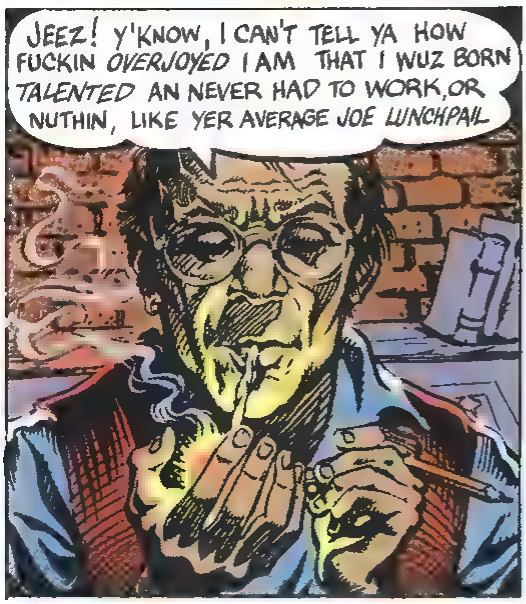
They set two reliable observers into a position where they could watch the cell into which they installed a vagrant from another parish. He could know nothing of the cells history.

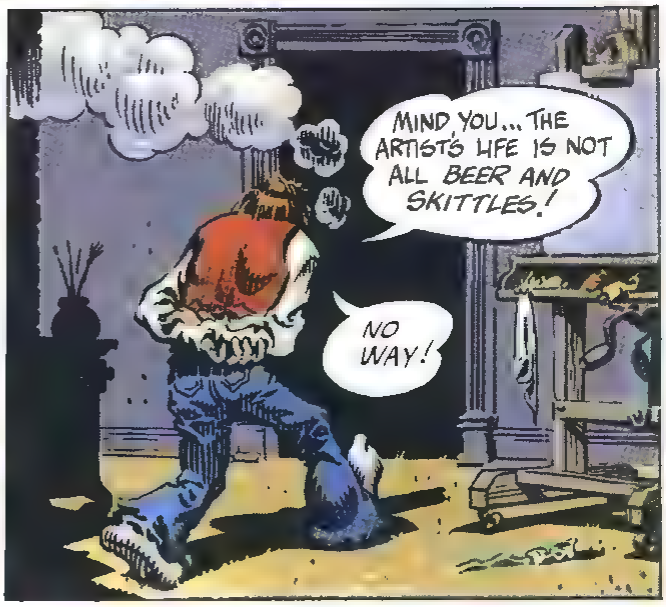
The same thing occurred. They watched with astonishment as the man tore a strip from his shirt, loosened the fifth brick, and attempted to hang himself!

After his rescue, he reported quite firmly that an old crone had entered his cell, and urged him to hang himself. He was unable to resist. As if in a trance, he followed her instructions. The woman he described was "Crazy Mary" Murphy — no doubt about it.

AND HERE HE IS...THE ARTIST HIMSELF

HI YEZ FOLKS... ...JUST BASHIN OUT A FEW PAGES BEFORE BREAKFAST, HEH HEH...



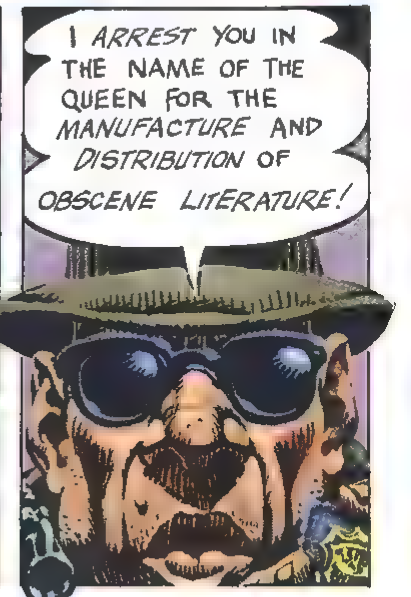


ALWAYS IMITATING LIFE ... NEVER ACTUALLY LIVING IT ..IF YOU CATCH MY DRIFT
SIGH.
DIVOT

DAUB
ALL RIGHT YOU LOT! STOP TWITCHING ABOUT AN...
NOK NOK NOK
OH FOR CHRISTSAKE! NOW WHAT?

HOW CAN I BLOODY WELL GET ANYTHING DONE FOR BLEEDING WITH MY THICKO COLLEAGUE. COUNTLESS OBVIOUS INTERRUPTIONS
..MUTTER SNARL..

RANDOLPH HOLMES?
YES YES... WHAT IS IT?.... WELL DON'T JUST STAND THERE JIBBERING FOR GODSAKE MAN...OUT WITH IT!


I ARREST YOU IN THE NAME OF THE QUEEN FOR THE MANUFACTURE AND DISTRIBUTION OF OBSCENE LITERATURE!

OH SHIT...I DIDN'T WANNA DO IT...IT WAS ALL MY PUBLISHER'S IDEA... HE'S THE ONE ...I'LL GIVE YOU HIS NAME AN EVERYTHIN..BLAH! BLABBBB BLURT
ON YER FEET PUNK
BOOK IM!

NON VIOLENT EH?...WELL WHAT IF I POUR THIS BOTTLE OF INK OVER THIS PORNOGRAPHIC SMUT YOUSE BIN DRAWIN HERE?
OOCH..OW.. JEEZ PUT AWAY THE GUN MAN ...I'M NON VIOLENT.. ..OW!

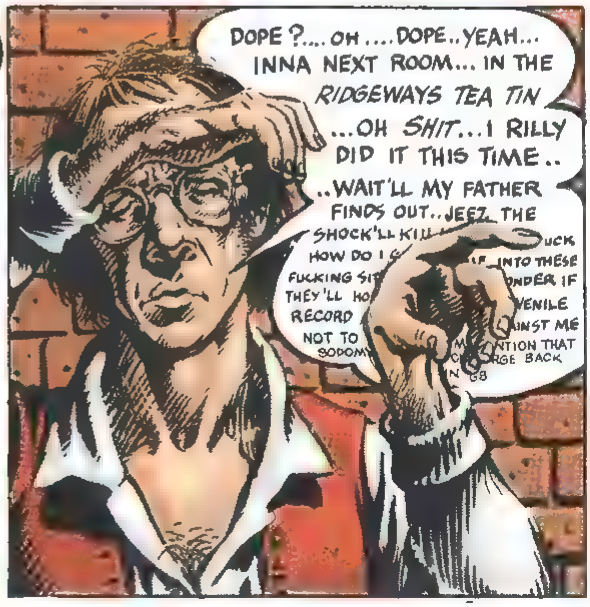
MY GOOD MAN...PORNOGRAPHY IS MERELY A CONCEPT WHICH EXISTS WITHIN YOUR CRETINOUS MIND...AAAGGH!
SLOP

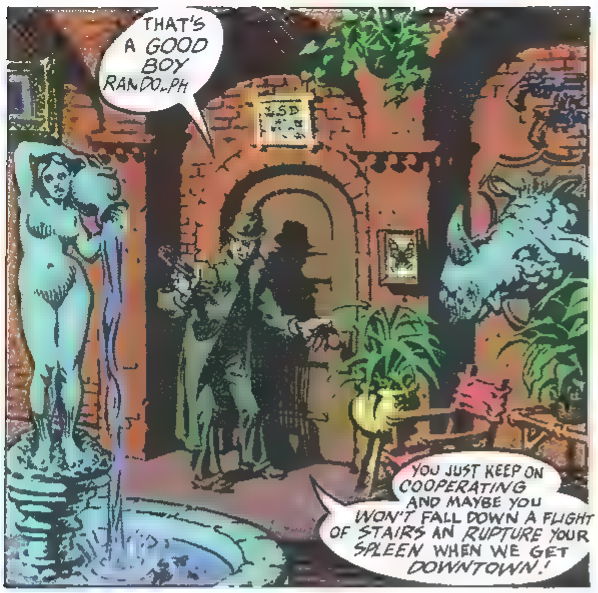
KLANG

I'LL CUT OUT YOUR HEART AND SPIT IN THE HOLE!

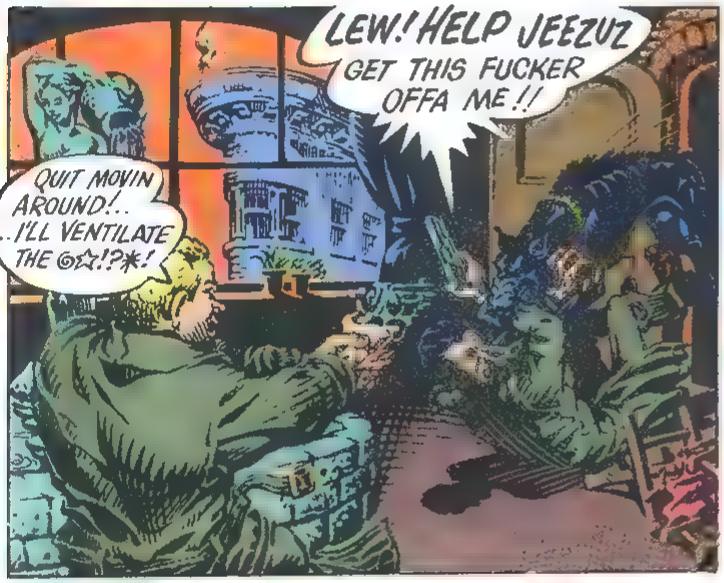
I'LL... I'LL...
..OOP...
STOMP
TROMP
TROD

WELL RANDOLPH... SINCE THEY'RE GONNA HANG YOU FOR MURDER ONE ANYWAY...
...YOU MAY AS WELL TELL US WHERE YOUR DOPE IS STASHED AN SAVE US THE TROUBLE OF SEARCHIN THE PLACE
GAWD! WHAT A MESS
THE CAPTAIN AIN'T GONNA LIKE THIS
EXHIBIT "A"


DOPE ?.... OH .... DOPE.. YEAH... INNA NEXT ROOM... IN THE RIDGEWAYS TEA TIN ...OH SHIT...I RILLY DID IT THIS TIME.. ..WAIT'LL MY FATHER FINDS OUT.. JEEZ THE


THAT'S A GOOD BOY RANDO..PH
YOU JUST KEEP ON COOPERATING AND MAYBE YOU WON'T FALL DOWN A FLIGHT OF STAIRS AN RUPTURE YOUR SPLEEN WHEN WE GET DOWNTOWN!

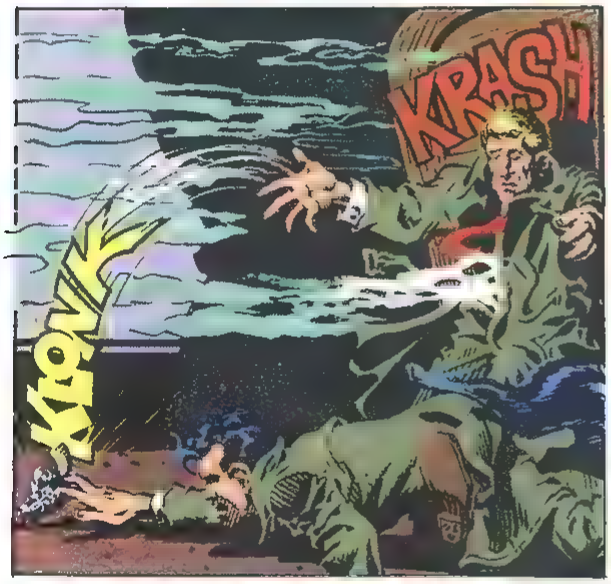
RRRRRRR
HOLY FUCK! AHH...NICE DOGGY NICE DOGGY


LEW! HELP JEEZUZ GET THIS FUCKER OFFA ME!!
QUIT MOVIN AROUND!.. ..I'LL VENTILATE THE ⊙☆!?✳!

NO! NO!.. YOU'LL HIT ME!
NO SWEAT! I'LL SHOVE THE BARREL UP HIS ASS!

ROWR RARF YOWLP YIP
LEW! HE'S GOT A GUN!

HOW COULD I BE SO ☆!⊙✳ CARELESS!


KRASH
KLONK

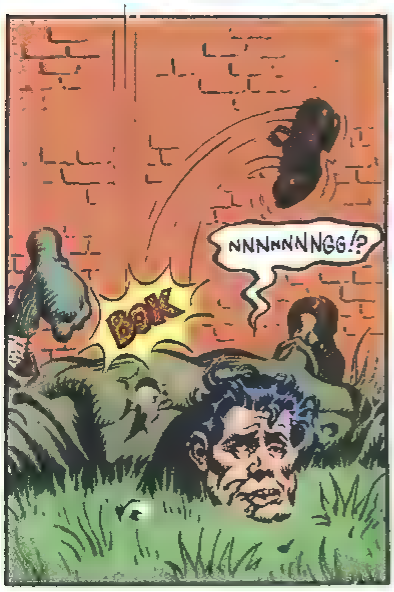
UNGOWA!
NGURRKK

LOTHAR! ... THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE ARRIVED!
NO... ..NO!
GOOD THING I HIRED THAT BOOGIE WHEN THE OLD MANDRAKE STRIP FOLDED
SCRABBLE

HUGGA BUGGA ...HUGGA BUGGA
KRASH

AAAA

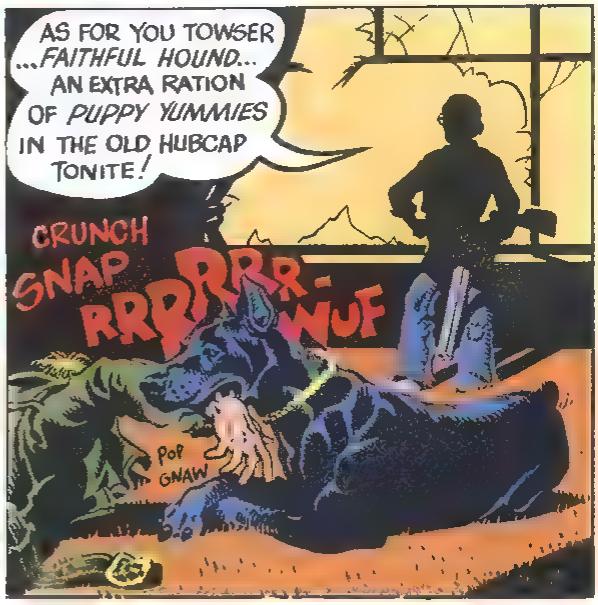
WHAM


NNNnnNNGG!?
BOK

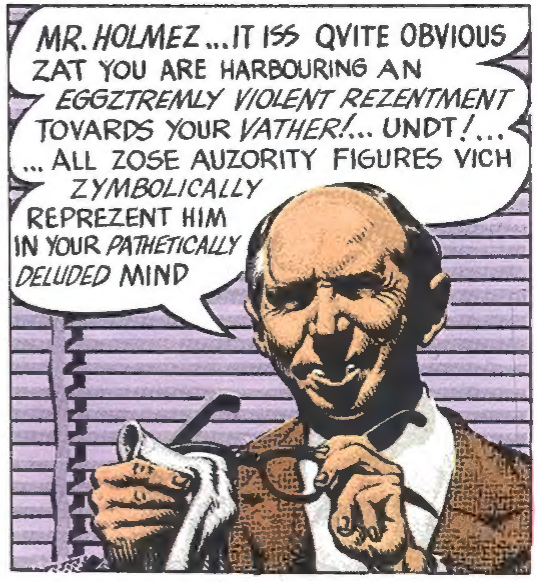
GASP!...UNNNHHH.... ..GRUNT!..WHIMPER... ..WHURFLE...GAGGGH!

BOOM BARROOM

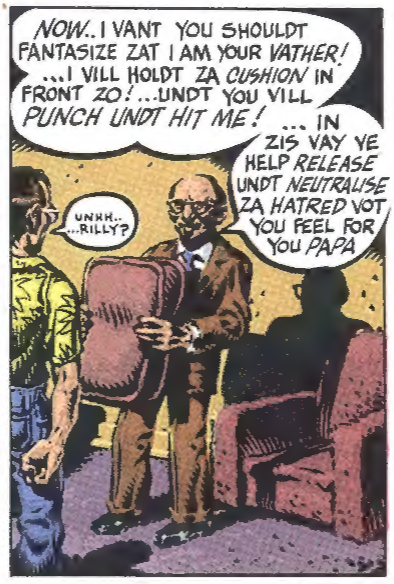
HA-HAH!...GOT'IM ON THE RISE!
LOTHAR!...CALL THE TAXIDERMIST... ...HAVE'EM SEND A TRUCK!
P-TOOO
P-TUNG
CLICK

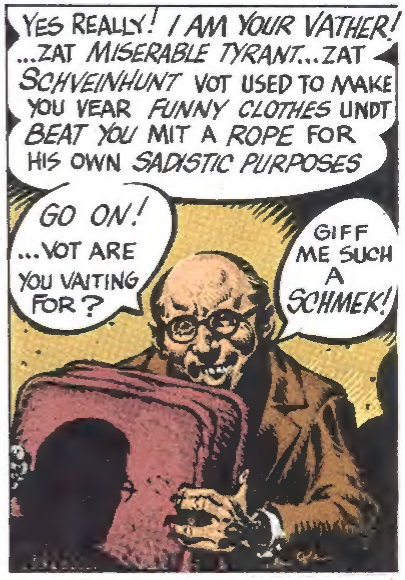

AS FOR YOU TOWSER ...FAITHFUL HOUND... AN EXTRA RATION OF PUPPY YUMMIES IN THE OLD HUBCAP TONITE!
CRUNCH
SNAP
RRRRRR-WUF
POP
GNAW

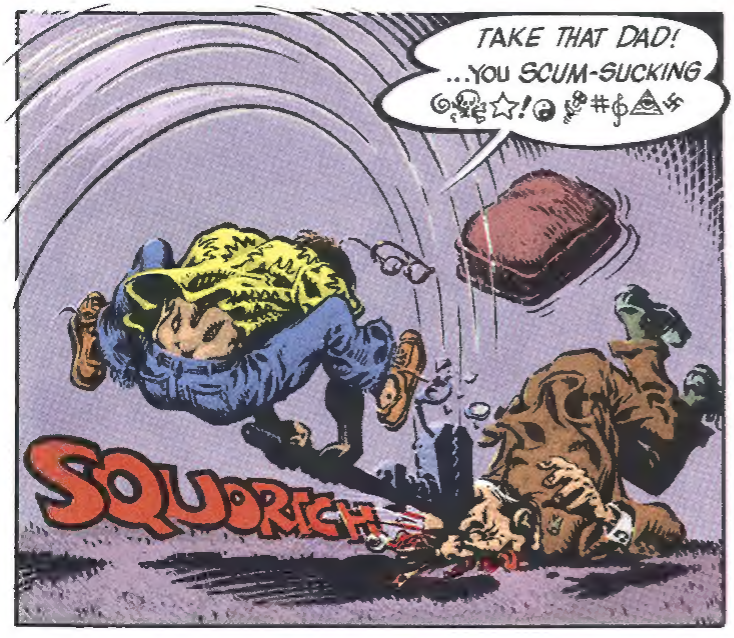
...AND THAT'S WHERE THE DREAM USUALLY ENDS, DOC ...
YOU THINK MEBBE I'M PARANOID OR SUMP'N?


MR. HOLMEZ...IT ISS QVITE OBVIOUS ZAT YOU ARE HARBOURING AN EGGZTREMLY VIOLENT REZENTMENT TOVARDS YOUR VATHER!... UNDT!... ... ALL ZOSE AUZORITY FIGURES VICH ZYMBOLICALLY REPREZENT HIM IN YOUR PATHETICALLY DELUDED MIND

ZO!..MACHT SCHNELL!..VE COMMENCE MIT ZA THERAPY
...A LIDDLE ZUMTING I PICKED UP AT MY GESHTALT GROUP LAST NIGHT


NOW..I VANT YOU SHOULDT FANTASIZE ZAT I AM YOUR VATHER! ...I VILL HOLDT ZA CUSHION IN FRONT ZO!...UNDT YOU VILL PUNCH UNDT HIT ME! ... IN ZIS VAY VE HELP RELEASE UNDT NEUTRALISE ZA HATRED VOT YOU FEEL FOR YOU PAPA
UNRH... ...RILLY?


YES REALLY! I AM YOUR VATHER! ...ZAT MISERABLE TYRANT...ZAT SCHVEINHUNT VOT USED TO MAKE YOU VEAR FUNNY CLOTHES UNDT BEAT YOU MIT A ROPE FOR HIS OWN SADISTIC PURPOSES
GO ON! ...VOT ARE YOU VAITING FOR?
GIFF ME SUCH A SCHMEK!


TAKE THAT DAD! ...YOU SCUM-SUCKING
SQUORCH

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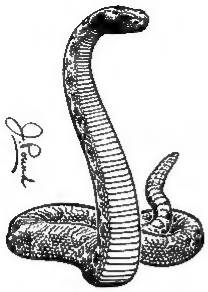


RATTLER

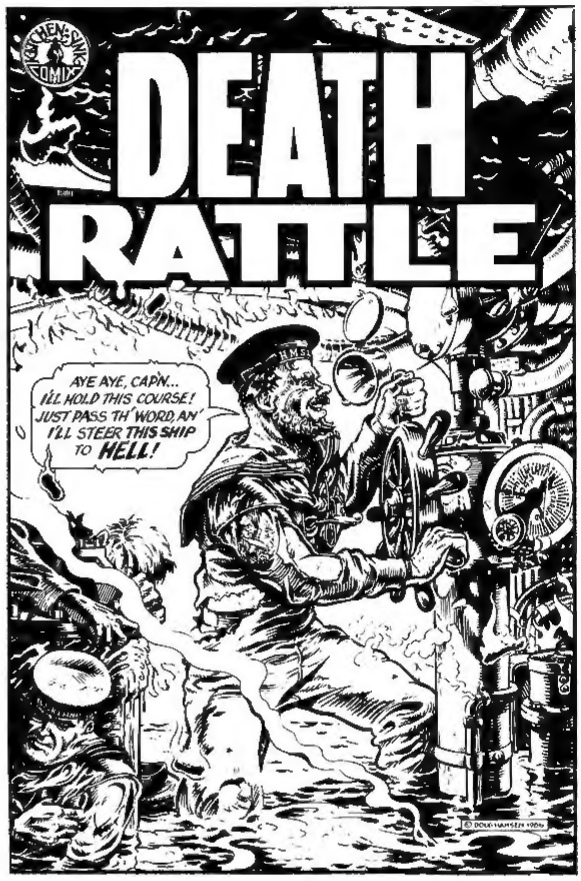
Pssst! Here we are with *Death Rattle* again, just in time for the holidays! Thought we'd sneak up on you from the back of the book this time, mainly because the inside front cover was taken by the first page of **Jaxon's** "God's Bosom," a ripping *true* yarn from the Mexican gulf coast. The story was colored by **Bill Poplaski,** who appreciates coloring desert scenes in the middle of Wisconsin's winter. The cover, based on "God's Bosom," was drawn and colored by Bill's brother, Art Director **Peter Poplaski.**

Will Eisner appears for the first time in this comic book, and frankly, we're honored. His story, "Quagmire of Occult Stories," features his most famous character, **The Spirit,** and recounts more true tales from history. The story was colored by **Ray Fehrenbach.**

Rand Holmes contributes "And Here He Is, the Artist Himself," a Fraudian...er, *Freudian* fantasy aimed at your funny bone. Artists lead such interesting lives. The story was colored by **Mike Newhall.**

NEXT ISSUE: Will be on the stands in mid-February. **Doug Hansen**, a fine graphics artist who specializes in sealore, makes a rare appearance in comics with "Dead Man's Chest." The story centers around a sea curse involving a bad luck "Jonah" and how trinkets from his sea chest affect the lives who take possession of them. Hansen also provides the cover art pictured here.

Jack (Jaxon) Jackson returns with the first part of a serialized story called "Bulto, the Cosmic Slug." Set in the southwest again, the story centers around an ancient Indian god who provides wealth to his followers, and destruction to those who dare not to take him seriously.



We'll also be running a letters page in issue No. 3 of *Death Rattle.* Stand up and be heard from—share your opinions with **The Rattler.** Write to: **Kitchen Sink Press, No. 2 Swamp Rd., Princeton WI 54968.**

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.....**Ray Fehrenbach**
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